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The Patriot  
1917



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## The Star Spangled Banner

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*Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watch'd,  
Were so gallantly streaming?  
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there,  
Oh, say does that Star Spangled Banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.*

*On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:  
"Tis the Star-Spangled Banner: Oh, long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.*

*And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,  
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,  
A home and a country should leave us no more?  
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.  
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,  
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave:  
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.*

*Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved home and wild war's desolation;  
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land  
Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserv'd us a nation!  
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just  
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"  
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.*













# FORWORD

At Memory's Call  
In Future Years There  
Will Come Fleeting Glances  
Of Our Cherished High School  
Days May This Our Patriot Renew  
Many Happy Recollections May  
It Help To Keep Alive In Our  
Hearts The Spirit Which Is  
Embodied In Its Name



[Page Eight

To  
THOMAS • ABBOTT • MOYTT  
(Whose Sympathetic Interest and Guidance  
Have Inestimably Enriched Our Lives  
We The Class Of  
Nineteen Seventeen  
Dedicate This  
Our Annual



**Kate Ferris Andrews**  
Principal of Shields High School

# Board of Education



**LeRoy Miller**  
PRESIDENT

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TREASURER



## The Faculty

“While Words Of Learned Length And  
Thundering Sound  
Amaz’d The Gazing Rustic’s Rang’d  
Round”



L. A. Ackerman  
*Mathematics*



Emelene Alwes  
*German  
English*



Kate F. Andrews  
*Principal  
English*



Elenthera V. Davison  
*English  
History*



Adelaide Gamaway  
*Music*



W. Hendershot  
*Mathematics*



Gertrude James  
*Drawing*



Myra J. Laopus  
*History  
English*



Anne Martindale  
*Domestic  
Science*



A. E. Murphy  
*Agriculture  
Botany*



C. H. Phillips  
*Science*



Katherine A. Quinn  
*Latin*



Margaret E. Remy  
*English  
Latin*



Amy R. Roegge  
*Mathematics*



Wilhelmine Vehslage  
*German*

“’Tis the good reader that  
makes the good book.”



How the Legend Came True  
Inspiration  
From Betty's Diary  
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The Reward  
The Daughter of Oak  
The Valentine's Message  
To Mona Lisa  
The Centerville Civic Club





## how the Legend Came True



AGNES ANDREWS



ONE WINTER day in the year of 1812, four people sat in a little hut, by which Napoleon, his star sunken beyond the horizon, was soon to pass on his ill-fated journey to Moscow. These four people were Ivan Ivanovitch, Marinka, his wife, their son, Boris, and Marinka's old mother, who, was reputed to be a witch.

Ivan, gnarled and old-looking, though in the prime of life, stood warming his hands at the flickering, smoking fire. His wife was working at her spinning wheel, while Boris sat cross-legged at the feet of his grandmother.

Finally the father broke the long silence by saying, "The Little Father (meaning the Czar) will use his last moujik for Russia; but, as the Corsican is able to call his dead soldiers to aid him, there is no use killing them."

"Yes," gently answered Marinka, "Yes, the Czar will have to say farewell to Moscow and the Kremlin, though ten thousand troops were there to aid him."

"True," said Ivan, "soon we shall all be French. Until tomorrow, then farewell." So saying, he lay down upon the dirty, musty straw in the corner of the room which served as a common bed. Marinka soon followed the example of her literal lord and master.

Boris had not spoken, but as soon as he heard the groans from his father, and the loud indrawn breath of his mother, he turned to the silent old woman.

"They snore," said he scornfully. "It is well. Tell me now, grandmother, about the wonderful Napoleon who is coming across the country."

"Boris," replied the grandmother, "when this Corsican leads his troops to battle, mayhap, he returns victorious, but many men have been left upon the field, dead or dying. The next battle, he does not have as many soldiers. He wants them all, so he gives a quick call, and back come the soldiers, who have perished in previous battles. They fight for him, and after the battle is over, they are seen no more."

"And can he do this forever?"

"Nay. Once he shows pity for someone or something, he loses his power and his command."

"Grandmother," said Boris thoughtfully, "they tell me I am fair of face, and thou as well as I, know that I am strong of limb. Aye, and thou art so old and decrepit that thou need'st the support of others. Think you, grandmother, that if we set the house on fire, if I killed myself, with a deep red scar down my breast, and if thou stood'st wailing over me, that we could move him to pity."

"Aye, and any human would, but he has the devil in him. And I love thee so, I could not bear to lose thee, though all Russia were at stake."

"But, grandmother, Russia is at stake, and you and I can easily save her. And, thou art so old, and near the end of thy days, that it would be an easy matter for thee to kill thyself afterwards. Even if he should not pity, we would be rid of a father who beats us and a master who starves us. If thou will'st not, I will."

"O! Boris, child of my child, thou art more to me than life itself, my only joy, for if thou should'st perish, then would the light of my life be indeed gone. So, if thou will'st do it, I will be with thee," slowly answered the old woman, with tears rolling down her withered cheeks, for, although a serf, she had many beautiful memories.

Before dawn the next morning, great crowds of people pressed past the humble dwelling of Ivan Ivanovitch. Many called to him that the dreaded Corsican was coming. So Ivan and Marinka joined the throng, thinking that Boris and the grandmother had merely been pushed aside by the crowd, and would later join them in Firnsky, the fortified town for which they were bound.

At about noon, only a few stragglers remained on the road, bearing with them, all the portable effects of their homes.

About dusk, the figures of soldiers could be dimly discerned through the gathering twilight. Accordingly Boris snatched a brand from the fire and held it to the flimsy wooden walls of the house.

Then, as the far-famed white horse of the Emperor came into view, he opened his blouse, gave a long slash at his heart, and fell fainting, yes dying at the feet of his grandmother.

The famous Napoleon now rode into plain view. He looked in astonishment at the not unfamiliar spectacle of a burning house, but his eyes moistened as he beheld in front of the glazing shaft, a fair boy with a deep red gash down his breast, and an old woman loudly lamenting.

"I pity thee' woman," came from the lips of Napoleon, as he rode slowly past. The boy gave one triumphant sigh, and was dead, dying happily, for he had saved Russia.

# Inspiration

HELEN BARNES

FAIR, HAUNTING, baffling, nymph you trifling  
spirit,

Desired by all you deign to love a few,  
From far I hear your voice, I strain to hear it;  
But still again you leave me seeking you.

To some you bring of thoughts a golden store,  
Fair stifling these with lavish overflow;

To me you bring desire and nothing more,  
Except perhaps a whisper sweet and low,  
That spurs me on to greater efforts.

Then you dart away with mocking swiftness  
Mayhap to try your tricks on other men,

I pray, be kind to them in their bereftness!

Ah well! —your shyness breeds appreciation  
In hearts of men, —you Goddess Inspiration!







## From Betty's Diary



MARGARET McCORD



HAVE ALWAYS spent my summer at a girl's camp in Maine, and I'd like to know how a girl could have romantic experiences when the only man we ever saw was Old Jerry, who rowed over to camp twice a week with supplies and the mail. He is cross-eyed and half-witted besides.

Other years it didn't matter. But when I got back to school last fall, all was different. The girls unpacked at once, bringing out numerous pictures of men and telling the most interesting things that had happened during the summer. I began to think that something was lacking in my vacation. That hateful Laura Maples had at least six large sized pictures and the most exciting experiences of all the girls. I tried to steer the conversation back into old channels of swimming and basketball, but I wasn't successful; so for three days I kept quiet while the other girls talked. Then, led on by the cat, Laura, they began to question me. Hadn't I anything to tell them? I evaded their inquiries for a while, but soon they began to nod to each other and whisper. I knew I must speak or lose my place as leader to Laura, who had always been jealous of me. So I spoke.

I was on pretty shaky ground and I knew it, so I used Dick Gordon's name to banish all shadow of doubt. Dick is the Yale football hero, whom we admired—all last year, although we had never seen him. Louise Ferguson's cousin, who also was at Yale, used to write to her all about him and she always read us the letters.

Now I ought to have known better than aim so high—but I knew it would bowl them over—and bowl them over it did. They fairly gasped at me, green with envy. From that time, if Laura would begin to brag—I immediately silenced her by casually mentioning where Dick and I did this or that.

All went on calmly until just after Thanksgiving, when the blow fell. I was curled up on the window seat reading a book, when Laura came running into the room. I glanced up, wishing to convey to her intelligence that she had intruded, when her words struck a chill to my very marrow, banishing all peace and calm.

"Oh Betty," she cried, "Mrs. Jameson has just called me up and invited me to a week-end house party at her country home. Jack and Dick Gordon are going to be there, and she told me to bring you along, by all means, as you and Dick were such good friends. I told her about your delightful summer with Dick. She is waiting to speak to you."

Speechless, I got to my feet, and started down to the telephone. What should I do? If I declined, Laura would of course talk to Dick, and find out that he had never even heard of me. That would be too much of an advantage to give my rival, for I knew that no time would be lost in spreading the news abroad at school. But on the other hand—if I accepted, it would be under false pretenses and I should be doubly embarrassed if exposed before my hostess. No, the only thing to do, was to go and bluff it out.

All the time I was murmuring pleased words of acceptance—I was praying for relief. I might just as well lie down and die, I thought.

I will omit the following two days except to say that they were most painful. I lost at least five pounds and an additional worry was added to my already crushing load. My clothes were now too large. I told Katherine Turner about my clothes and she offered me her entire wardrobe.

On Friday evening we arrived at the junction and were met by Mrs. Jameson. Luckily for me, the boys had not yet returned from a trip to the village. My hour of exposure was at least postponed and my heart grew a little lighter. On the drive home Laura chattered so incessantly that my silence was not bothered. On our arrival at the house we were shown our rooms to rest before dinner when we were to meet the other guests. In desperation, I began to pace up and down the room. Going to the window, I saw a trellis upon which was a vine, now bare of leaves. I quickly climbed down to the ground, and hurried in the direction of the wood, which I had noticed on our way to the house. There I sat down in a protected little hollow; shut my eyes and tried to think. But my mind worked in a circle. A pebble fell into my lap and looking up, I saw a pleasant-faced boy, with the friendliest brown eyes filled with astonishment, probably, at seeing at the bottom of a gully a girl, sitting with her face buried in her hands.

"Hello! What's up? Not lost are you?" he questioned. I felt myself growing hot all over. Provoked at having blushed before a mere country boy, I answered with all the dignity I could muster: "No, I'm quite all right, thank you."

By this time, not at all repulsed by this dignity, he had climbed down, and was standing beside me.

"Really you know," he said, "that was an awful dejected attitude I found you in just now. What's the trouble? Can't I help you?"

I opened my lips to utter an indignant refusal, when his frank smile inspired my confidence and I found myself detailing my predicament to him;

"It's all because of my miserable pride," I ended, "Now he'll openly declare that he never saw me before, and I'll be disgraced for life."

"Oh, come now, it's not so bad as all that," he tried to reassure me. "It will come out all right."

He laughed lightly as if he enjoyed it as a huge joke. Astonished at the levity with which he had treated my confidence, I scrambled to my feet and started off paying no attention to his, "Oh, I say, don't hurry off like that."

"Country elod," I muttered to myself. I was more determined than ever not to fail. Then an idea struck me. I'd hurry back and find Dick Gordon, whatever he looked like, and tell him all about it before the others came down. But what if he should have no more understanding than the boy in the woods? Glancing at my watch, I saw that it was now too late for this plan. The others would be downstairs, and here I was not even dressed.

Somehow I reached my room and quickly put on Katherine's pink taffeta dress. I went to the door, opened it and stepped out, then closed it softly. At the top of the stairs, I paused, trembling. What should I do when I got downstairs? Suddenly I heard Laura's laugh. How the sound grated on my ears! Throwing back my head, I descended the stairs with the same feeling the French nobility must have felt when walking to the guillotine.

Mrs. Jameson met me at the foot of the stairs and led me to the group of guests, murmuring introductions: "Miss Marlowe, Miss Linden, Mr. Calvin, Mr. Harrison and of course, dear, you know Dick."

At that both of my hands were seized and I heard a masculine voice uttering a most cordial "I should say she does know Dick."

Dazed, I glanced up and saw standing before me, my acquaintance of the wood. A sudden rush of understanding came to me. "You", I burst forth.

"At your service," he said, smiling down at me.

# Dusk

VEVA PAUL

CLOUDS SCURRY fast across the sky  
And silent dusk all unawares  
Creeps close upon the heels of day  
And for the night prepares.

The wind slips back into the sky  
And leaves the earth in waning light—;  
Then faint and few the stars appear  
Meek heralds of the night.

Then in this hour of restfulness  
Pause, busy World, in sweet content  
And let your soul, tired from its toil,  
In calm of dusk be blent.





# Prophecies of war



FAE PATRICK

**T**O A STUDENT of history no truth seems more impressive than the fact that every great wave of progress, in any nation or country has been preceded by one of uncertainty, of unrest, and often-times of war. Yet out of the chaos of war, out of the darkness of distrust and doubt, have come periods in which the light of a new civilization has revealed truth more fully and has shown the way to a richer and higher life. Out of the French Revolution, with all of its cruelty and bloodshed, was inaugurated a force that is leading more and more to the emancipation of all nations. It is true that at first it brought oppression, and immediate results, which for a time, made it seem as if the horrors of the Revolution had been in vain. But as time passed on, there was gradually spread over Europe the soil of Revolutionary France and from that time to this, the watchword of the Revolution, "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," has been gradually permeating the atmosphere of continental Europe. Event after event has shown its potent influence, until today, the French Revolution stands justified in the light of its results.

Today the nations of the world are again involved in a maelstrom of war, a war so widespread, so awful in its destruction that we can scarcely realize that it can be the expression of civilization of the twentieth century. Yet it may be that through this war, horrible though it is, there may come to us and other peoples, the regenerating forces of new ideals, and it may become the prelude of a liberty, wide and vital. In the seeming chaos of the world today there are indications that we are standing on the threshold of a new era. Even now the master mind is beginning to reveal through the tangled threads of events the suggestive beginnings of a new order, an order of increased understanding and of broader and deeper sympathy.

In his "Tale of Two Cities" Dickens gives a wonderfully realistic description of Europe prior to the terrific upheaval of the French Revolution. The same description might be used in characterizing the world today. "It is the best of times, and the worst of times, it is an age of wisdom, it is an age of foolishness, it is a season of light, it is a season of darkness, it is the spring of

hope, it is the winter of despair, we have everything before us, we have nothing before us," in short, we can describe this age in the superlative degree only.

The question naturally arises, what will be the logical outcome of such conditions? In considering the answer to this important question, we should never forget, that in this war or in this chaotic condition of affairs, are involved constitutional crises, that out of it many new problems will come up for solution and many others that have appeared earlier, will have gathered force and urgency that will demand many changes and a new order along many lines. The new era which is bound to grow out of this crisis in world history will see a complete revolution in many social, religious and economic conditions. I do not mean to say that all the results of this war must be good, far from it. The immediate material effects cannot be other than disastrous. The death of millions of the strongest and best cannot possibly improve the living stock; the heavy war debts which the nations have heaped up, will necessitate the placing of a heavy tax upon the lower class of people; the devastations which this war has wrought, means a shortage of the food supply. Many of the immediate effects will unquestionably be most deplorable.

As in Cicero's time, when the conspiracy of Catiline threatened the life of the state, the equites and senatorial or aristocratic parties joined forces to protect their fatherland, so in Germany and other warring nations today, we see the different classes of men forgetting their religions, social and political differences, and joining forces to save their country. This unity, enforced by a tremendous common danger, will have great results. Results that will express a greater industrial life, a more widespread prosperity, and a greater vitality among all classes of people.

Again the devastation which this war has brought will unquestionably strengthen the arguments and policies of peace for the future. As the weeks, months and years of war have passed, men and women have seen with the bitterness of heartbreaking experiences, homes bereft of loved ones, and nations drained of their best blood. It is such vital experiences as these that make us realize the real evil of war and the meaning and value of peace.

When the smoke of the battle has cleared away and the nobler motives of men assert themselves in victory, it will be found in many lands and in many institutions, that "the old order has changed and given place to the new." When the days of war are over there will dawn a better day. Man's vision will be clearer, his sympathy broader, and his grasp upon the vital things of life stronger and firmer. Precious blood will not have been shed in vain if the world is a better place and man is nobler. There will be a newer vision and instead of policies that through selfishness and false patriotism, through in-

ternational jealousies and short sightedness fail to realize and utilize the peculiar advantages of each country, there will be wider and more altruistic policies which will bring about more healthful conditions socially, economically and politically.

Now, as in the eleventh century, the century of the Crusades, we are in an age of intense excitement, an excitement which has seized equally upon those who stay and those who go into the turmoil of this terrible war. It is a time when all men are being stirred with deep enthusiasm, and all ranks of society are being profoundly moved. The ferment of unrest and dissatisfaction with existent conditions which long before the war was threatening to make itself felt in many countries, has today broken through the hard crust of Russian aristocracy and cruelty and is threatening Prussian military despotism. Slowly but surely through the years of the past the people have been gaining influence and today voices heretofore silent are beginning to make themselves heard, and new forces that have been silently and slowly gathering strength are beginning to be felt in the new era that will dawn on this night of war.

Not the few, but the many, will be the effective forces of the future, and a universal democracy, "By the people, for the people, and of the people," will be more of a reality than ever before.





# The dawn of a New day

FRANK WELLER

I STARTED to make the world over,  
To cast out the evil and wrong,  
The load of the weak to make lighter,  
Every heart-cry to change into song.

I started to lead to the kingdom,  
The weary who knew not the way.  
To tear down the false and misleading,  
To bring into dawn a new day.

"And when thou hast entered thy closet,"  
I found meant to shut every door  
Of my life, to the world and its clamor,  
To still the loud waves and pass o'er.

Then out of the silence came wisdom,  
The stillness spoke plainer than words.  
"Cast from thy own life all evil,"  
These words of true wisdom I heard.

I forgave the whole world of unkindness,  
No malice nor envy I held;  
And breathed out a song on the heart-cry,  
My heart from the false I compelled.

The weak I released from his burden,  
I saw but the good and the pure;  
And behold I had made the world over,  
The Kingdom had come to endure.



## The Daughter of Daik



HELEN ANN DANNETTELE

I DINED today with Sir Kenneth who told me a strange story, said Mark Burr, and noting our interested expressions, he removed his pipe and began:

"Several years ago a diamond was found in the blue mud of a river in India, absolutely perfect and almost two inches in circumference. The native who found it, mad with joy, placed his treasure in the hands of his king. Murmuring: "Even the daughter of Daik" (daughter of the Sun) he died.

It happened that the unlucky man was celebrating the annual feast of Zelma, the lion. Evening came on and in the lurid light of the many torches a slave girl danced on the village common before the throne of the king. On her forehead she wore the Daughter of Daik as a sign of His Majesty's favor. From the edge of the jungle a tiger watched the scene. She was starving and advanced slowly. Suddenly the attention of the people was diverted from the dancer. Drawn by the burning eyes of the beast, they screamed in terror. The slave girl, with her back toward the invader, interpreted the cry as applause, played with the dagger and danced on. As the tiger sprang toward her, she tore the jewel from her brow and threw it at the foot of the throne. The next instant she was borne screaming into the jungle.

Now the Indian king himself began to wear the diamond, three days after placing the jewel about his neck he was found treacherously killed on his throne. His son, the young prince, left India immediately to place the case of the king's mysterious death before the court of England, taking with him the Daughter of Daik. Sir Kenneth was a passenger on the same ship and on the voyage became an intimate friend of the young Hindoo. One day the prince in reply to a question of Sir Kenneth concerning the wonderful diamond which he now wore, told the history of the stone.

When the steamer was some distance out from Liverpool the doctor called Sir Kenneth to the bedside of the Hindoo. The prince was dying and nervously pressed the beautiful jewel into Sir Kenneth's hand.

It was wonderful to possess such a stone, yet Sir Kenneth felt a strange repulsion toward it. Three hours later when the Hindoo was buried at sunrise, Sir Kenneth leaned over the rail and tossed the gleaming thing into the waters of the Atlantic.

## The Reward

for we shall mark our trail beyond  
The dreams that we have lost,  
Where we shall hold the open road  
Nor count the bitter cost;  
Content to know when each stark soul  
Has passed the outpost stars  
The Scorer counts no medals there—  
He only counts the scars.

MR.



## The Valentines Message



CLARA LOUISE BRADY



MARJORY BLANCHARD and her room-mate, Elizabeth Alexander were each buried in a couch full of cushions in the opposite ends of their room. They were looking, with muffled laughter now and then at a shower of valentines that had just arrived.

Suddenly Marjory jumped up and ran over to Elizabeth. "Oh 'Libby'," she exclaimed, "Kent's coming up to spend the week-end tonight. I am so glad that he'll be here for the party!" and she held up an elaborate valentine she had just opened. On it had been hurriedly written in a bold boyish hand a message which the girls read with great difficulty.

"I'll be up from Boston, Friday night to spend the week-end. Meet me at the station."

"K."

Elizabeth picked up the envelope and examined it. The address was also very difficult to read.

MISS M. BLANCHARD,  
Wellesley College  
Wellesley, Mass.

That night Marjory was at the train in time to see it arrive. She peered anxiously around but saw no one leave the train except a tall young man, whom she knew at once was not her brother.

As she stood looking anxiously through the depot, the young man speedily approached her and in the dim light she saw him wave in her direction. Seeing no one in front of her she turned to see at whom he could be waving. When, suddenly, some one from behind her clasped his hands over her eyes. She tried to pull away but could not free herself from that tight clasp.

"It's Kent," she said. "Let go Kent, you're hurting my eyes terribly."

At this the hands were quickly removed. Marjory turned to see the tall young man, looking very confused indeed and taking off his hat. They stood there speechless for a minute, both looking into each other's eyes in confusion.

"Oh! I beg your pardon," said the young man. "I thought you were my sister."

The situation seemed so utterly ridiculous that Marjory blushed and burst into a musical laugh as she exclaimed, "And I thought you were my brother."

Then they agreed that it was a mutual joke and Marjory gladly excused him his faux pas as they settled themselves comfortably in a taxi.

"I wonder why my brother didn't come?" she said. "He wrote that he would be here tonight on this train."

"Well I can't imagine why Marian hasn't come down to meet me," he said. "Do you know my sister Marian Blanchard?"

"Blanchard! Why that's my name, too. No, I don't know her. What year is she?"

"I'm not surprised that you don't know her," he said. "She's only a Freshman. Started in the first of the year. I told her in a valentine that I'd be here tonight and asked her to meet me."

Marjory looked at him in perplexity. "May I ask you what your first name is?" she said suddenly.

"Kenneth."

"It's just as I thought," she exclaimed excitedly. "I got your sister's valentine from you. It was addressed to Miss M. Blanchard and was delivered to me. My name is Marjory Blanchard. Well, if that isn't strange— I thought since it was signed 'K,' that it was from my brother Kent."

They were so amused over the complex situation that they did not notice how near they were to the college until the taxi stopped. "Are you coming down for dinner?" she asked gayly as she stepped out and shook hands with Kenneth.

He looked into her brown eyes and with a note of decision in his voice said, "Yes I will. I guess it's not worth while going in to see Marian before I come to dinner, as it is such a short time till then. With an "I hope I'll see you at the party," Marjory started toward the college. She looked back as the taxi drove out, and saw Kenneth looking at her through the back window. How attractive she looked standing there in her little spring hat and suit! She was thinking how handsome and jolly he was as she hurriedly entered the college, for it was almost dusk.

That night when Kenneth met his sister just before dinner, she expressed her surprise that she had not heard from him.

"Why didn't you write Ken?" she said. "I had no idea you were coming."

"What! Didn't you hear from me? That's funny. I sent you a valentine saying that I would be up tonight to spend the week-end," he said with a twinkle in his eye.

"It must have been delayed or lost in the mail," she returned.

Marjory confided to her room-mate the strange adventure and conversation of the afternoon, making her promise not to tell anyone, as she did not want to be made fun of.

That night she met Kenneth at the reception and danced with him several times. What a graceful pair they were! Many eyes were turned toward them in admiration through the evening.

There was an almost strange confidence between them. He told her of his struggles in studying law, and she told him of her ambition to graduate in June. The evening passed very merrily and finally after the departure of the many guests the weary girls trudged off to bed.

Through the remainder of the year Marjory and Marian were almost inseparable and together they enjoyed Kenneth's frequent visits to Wellesley. Lake Waban and dear old Tapelo contributed their full share towards the ripening of their friendship.

June came and Marjory graduated in full glory and beauty at twenty-one. She was the pride of her class and among the many bouquets she found one of white roses with "Heartiest Congratulations from Kenneth" written on a simple little card.

The first year out of college was sincerely and earnestly engaged in settlement work. One day after a number of hours of hard work she found on her return home a letter—from Kenneth and we will look right over her shoulder and read with her, as she reads again and again.

"The time is up now and I am coming if you say the word. Is it a go? All my work has been done with the hope that you would let me come and share my success, whatever it might be, with you. It has been my thought since I learned to know and love you, as I did the first few days of our acquaintance. (Thanks to that adorable valentine). Today when I saw my name added as junior partner to the finest law firm in our city, I thought of you and felt more willing and proud to offer you that name."

Impatiently,

"KENNETH"

And as Marjory switched off the light for bed, supremely happy, she took from her dressing table a little ivory box and advancing to the window where the moonlight would fall on it, she opened it, and there, carefully preserved, as it would always be, lay the precious valentine.

# To Mona Lisa

HELEN BARNES

**O**LADY of the mysterious smile  
Of taunting look and witching eye,  
My precious moments you beguile  
As all too swift the moments fly!

Indeed your dangerous fascination,  
Hints of mystery and romance,  
Shatter my determination,  
I close my book and look askance.

Alas! my study hour is over  
My mind is in a misty haze  
Clouded not with studies sober  
But with the mystery of your gaze.





# The Centerville Civic Club



FRANCIS STUNKEL



THE CENTERVILLE Select Circle of Civic Sages is in session in the back of Bill Willson's general store. They meet to discuss news, spit, spin long-winded yarns, joke and then spit again. Soap boxes and broken relics of chairs, grouped around the big stove, are seats of honor. Champions of all the issues of the day are present. Jake Byerly, of close acquaintance with swinging doors, bars and steins, who relates lengthy tales of encounters with lamp-posts, enormous reptiles and prehistoric animals, begins an earnest discourse.

"Feller citizens of Centerville, and other islands on the bosom of this United States, this Liquor Law'll be the roonation of me and many other fair citizens. But ye'll all suffer with me; ye'll see the error of your ways and flee into the wrath to come. When corn is thirty cents per bushel, ye'll suffer too, by gosh!"

Hank Bingley, town marshal, is the only one who draws a topic from this, so, carefully spitting in the general direction of the spittoon, he begins:

"Bill, when you're sober, you're nutty, and when you're drunk you're crazy, so keep your trap shet. This liquor business'll never bother yon as long as there's spirits aroun'. I wuz in a dry state onct, and say, that state wuz dry! They must have had Stuce Brewart sittin' on the lid. When the sports went into the next state to get their bitters, they wuz so dry they had to be soaked over night before they'd hold any liquor. Thet's the kind of a lid we're going to have in old Indiany when she goes dry, by Heck!"

"Wall, boys, my wife never lets me go out with the gang any more, 'cepting here to the store," says Jim Blake, a renowned henpecked husband, sadly. "The Liquor Law don't bother me. But this Suffrage Law just gags me. I tell ye I got a wife at home thet's bad 'nuff 'thout any votin'."

"Cheer up, Jim!" says Bill Willson. "Women won't be so anxious to vote if they force all the rights uv votes on 'em. Won't it be purty to see

some of them women as orter be men an' isn't, going out to pay poll tax an' work the roads. He! He! He!"

This brings a general laugh and recollection of Jim Blake's former declarations of independence, all proven null and void because of the vote of one mightier than himself.

Hank Bingley manages to get choked on stolen crackers and goes out to get a drink. While gone, a tack with guaranteed point is placed in his chair, to verify the guarantee, Old Man Boomer "lows as how they wuz good signs for an early spring," but Hank, returning, disagrees. He "lows as how signs wuz deceivin'," and "they wuz shore to be a frost." He turns his chair over and the tack falls out. "Now who eud a been so crnel?" he asks, and continues, "but say, the H. C. of L. would a' looked like an ant-hill beside the lofty heights to which somebody'd a been hoisted ef I'd a hit thet tack."

"Man don't make a miss and kick that H. C. of L. any higher than it is. It means empty stummicks. I'd fight most anything to keep mine from bein' empty."

"Speakin' uv fightin'," drawls Ned Durham, "them Germans is gettin' a little too dern smart fer me. I'm willin' any day, if somebody'll only give me a gun an' pay my fare, to go over there an' shoot the Kaiser's ears off an' show 'em to him just to show 'um thet a gentleman frum Missouri won't stand for no sich doin's. To thunder with pacificists! Let the sissies and fraidecats stay home-and let MEN fight. One must say, as Farragut said, 'Dam the torpedoes, go ahead!'"

Bill breaks in, "Boys this spy question is a bad one. They're everywhere. Why, maybe old Fritz there is one! What say, Fritz?"

"I say dot I bin kein schpy. I bin only poor 'Merican citizen. Schtill you says I bin Cherman schpy. Vy der odder day I go make for mine lettuce bett some scharecrow mit colored eloth sparrows away to drife, und vot do I hear? I haf put up der Cherman flag. I no understan' Dann I see und I laff like I rud schplit yet. Mein scharecrow! Vy dey don't know veder der Cherman flag is red-vite-und-plack oder schky-plue-pink."

Just then little Bill Willson Number Six comes in with the news that America has declared war on Germany. Great enthusiasm arises and the sages break up their meeting and rush to the telegraph office for later reports.

## Patrint Staff

Editor-in-Chief . . . . .	VEVA PAUL
Faculty Editor . . . . .	MISS QUINN
Business Manager . . . . .	OSCAR SHEPARD
Assistant Business Manager . . . . .	LEE MILLER
Faculty Business Manager . . . . .	MISS ANDREWS

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## Editorial

HELEN BARNES



EGINNING WITH civilization and the dawn of culture, the struggle in one form or another has been for the individual; for a breaking away from the idea of "the masses." This age is marking the triumphant culmination of the period of unrest. The individual is coming into his own.

There has always been given to everyone the ability to do some one thing better than his neighbor could do it and now, the opportunity for using the ability is being given. To the pupils of Shields High School this opportunity is given in the publication of "The Patriot," a book which seeks originality. While it is pre-eminently the book of the school as a whole, yet it gives broad individual scope to the student with literary aspirations or artistic longings. In this respect "The Patriot," is indeed a living, growing part of the "individualistic" movement.

This past year, so impregnated with new and vital forces, so notable a one in history, this year of unprecedented war and chaos, has marked the beginning, growth and advent of "The Patriot" of the class of '17. The name, "The Patriot," seems especially suggestive this year. Christened in a year of national trouble, the Spanish-American war, it has come down all the years to be re-animated today with the present significance of this greater cause.

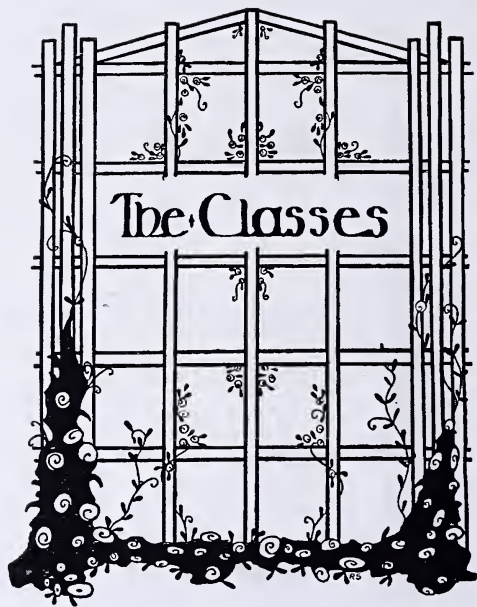
If the joy derived from the book will serve to keep alive our loyalty to Shields High School and will serve the greater purpose of continually making manifest our wider patriotism, then, indeed, it will not have been sent forth in vain.

To everyone who has been considerate of the welfare of the book, we are most grateful. Especially do we wish to thank the business men who have responded so generously.



# **Donor Roll** **1913 - 1917**

<b>Names</b>	<b>Credits</b>	<b>As</b>
<b>Lee, Miller</b>	<b>35½</b>	<b>32</b>
<b>Malcolm, Rittenhouse</b>	<b>32½</b>	<b>28</b>
<b>Veva, Paul</b>	<b>32</b>	<b>27</b>
<b>Madge, Linke</b>	<b>33½</b>	<b>26</b>
<b>Iris, Cox</b>	<b>32½</b>	<b>25</b>
<b>Ruth, Kamman</b>	<b>32</b>	<b>25</b>





# To the Seniors

KATE F. ANDREWS

IN THE days when, as children, you entered the portals of school  
In that far away time, you felt that into your lives  
With the eager young gladness that comes with the new and untried;  
Had come a turn, a branching of paths from the road  
You had trodden before, over which your steps had been led  
And the way pointed out, as love held your interests at heart.  
So, again, there has come a break in the routine of years;  
Again, you have come to the parting of ways, to the day  
When each, relying on what he has done in the past  
On the strength secured through effort expended and victories won  
In struggles to master the Hard that now and will always  
Beset the path of the one who would climb to the higher  
And higher achievement in life and win for himself  
The highest and best that a life nobly lived can yield,  
Must answer the call and give to the world and to God  
Not the work that another should do but the work that is his.  
The Past has recorded your effort; each year has taken  
Its toll to be kept as insurance for future years,  
As a fund from which each shall draw as his need directs.  
In those years, may you always remember the truth that you chose  
As your motto to guide you aright in questions of life;  
If you, in the time to come, would gather from life  
The best of rewards, the best that it offers to man,  
Then to life you must give the best that there is in you.  
As yon oak with its roots deep-planted stands firm and erect,  
May you, too, be strong in the power to do, to achieve.  
May the growth, which the green of your colors expresses so well,  
Make fuller and richer each year as the days swiftly pass;  
While the white, symbolic of truth, spreads over your paths  
A light that will brighten each way and make each one feel  
God's love and God's grace in the beauty and joy of this world.



# The Seniors

"Give To The World The Best That You Have  
And The Best Will Come Back To You"

Tree · Pine · Flower · Mock · Orange · Blossom  
Colors · Green · And · White

President  
Vice · President  
Secretary  
Treasurer

John · Connelly  
Helen · Barnes  
Fay · Parker  
Malcolm · Rittenhouse



JESSALINE ALEXANDER

In her senior year Jessaline developed into a sort of feminine Beveridge or no—an Emmeline Pankhurst.

HELEN BARNES

First assistant in English and History, an orator, a poetess, and an actress. Her services have been invaluable in the publication of "The Patriot." She will join the Seymourites at Western College next year.

PAUL BECKER

Paul is conspicuous as an amateur comedian. His only detriment is the result of his infantile inability to sleep at night.



**WILLARD BECKER**

"Bill" is the light-weight "tick-tack-to" champion of the world."

**ELMER BOLLINGER**

"Bud is a cross between Vernon Castle and Enrico Caruso—but he just can't get "math."

**HAL BRANAMAN**

Brigham Young thought he had done something when he moved his family circle to Utah, but Hal did more here in Indiana. He led Seymour's feminine onslaught at the Columbus basket-ball tourney.

**AMY BRIDGES**

"If there is anything I consider excellent in the make-up of a young woman, it is instant and implicit obedience.

**GENEVIEVE BROCKER**

It is a melancholy and tragical fact that Genevieve just can't line up to her desires—however, her cute Mary Pickford-Marguerite Clark style gets her by—big!



**HELEN BRUNOW**

Helen is the sort of girl you like to number among your friends; a faithful, splendid student.

**FLOSSIE COLLINS**

Flossie is eloquence rampant. She orates loud and long on the rights of women, a little louder perhaps than long. She punctuates with her hands and scorns all methods of breathing.

**JOHN CONNELLY**

John is our modern Don Juan. He has been fickle, but now like our friend Dr. Faustus, decides "I like Madgeie best of all."

**IRIS COX**

Diogenes might have had Iris in mind when he said "Blushing is the color of virtue." An honor student contemplates entering "Western College."

**EDNA DIXON**

Judging from her conversation Edna is indeed a victim of the Hawaiian craze.



RUTH EDWARDS

"I wouldn't give two bits for all these 'young gentlemen' in America. I am interested in someone at Jaketown."



CLYDE FITZGIBBONS

Fitz aspires to membership in the "National Association of Red Heads." Along with his hair he wears a well balanced expression of "I should worry."



MARGUERITE FOX

Marguerite's black, black hair and her manner of arranging the same is at once the envy and despair of the rest of "us girls."



KENNETH GREEMAN

An occasional broken arm keeps Kenny supplied with his share of attention and feminine sympathy.



ESTHER GRELE

"True, there are times when my physical being is shaken with suppressed laughter that releases itself in varied and various types of giggles."

**ESTHER GROUB**

"What I need when I motor is a courageous, cool, composed mechanic to chase tires and patch radiators." How will she overcome this at Ward-Belmont next year?

**CARMEL HAZARD**

Although at first she was prone to inflit us with long and detailed discussions of Browns-town and its doings, Carmel has now cut the ties that bind, and transferred her enthusiasm to Seymour.

**LOUISE HODAPP**

Louise is an "arty" kind of a soul and her cleverness with the pencil is well demonstrated throughout "The Patriot."

**JESS HOOVER**

Jess will be most missed at the noon period from 12:30 till 1:00 when his raggy synecopations caused our feet to start surreptitiously keeping time.

**MANSEL HUGHES**

We look up to Manse. He knows everything and impersonates anything from a lost baby to a robed priest. Diffient questions he can easily thrust aside but "a little thing" worries him continually.



RUTH KAMMAN

"I can't say that I go much for feminine politics, but from now on I bet the President of the United States will be the best looking candidate."  
-- so speaks this fair member of the honor roll.



MARGARET LEWIS

"Tennyson did well in describing 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' but I wish he could see me come down the Assembly Room aisle!"



MADGE LINKE

Otherwise "Smudge" and an earnest devotee of Emerson's idea that "nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm. This may account for her extraordinary popularity as well as her honor work. Purdue is indeed fortunate in receiving this enthusiast next year.



MABEL MCCOLGIN

Mabel's just a wee bit reticent, but those who know her realize what a splendid competent girl she is.



MARGARET MCCORD

Margaret's "crowning" ambition is to manage a complete and wondrous change of coiffure every day, whether it be a shower of hair a la Pickford or curl plasters a la Theda.



KENNETH MCCURDY

"Mack" is a lover of Shakespeare and holds a profound reverence for "what Bill says." He states "Bill is an individual after my own heart."



ELSIE MILLER

Elsie is no intellectual hermit crab, but at that, some of the rest of "we'uns" envy her "Physies Lab." ability.



LEE MILLER

"And as he spoke the wonder grew—that one small head could carry all he knew." Goldsmith surely had our honor pupil in mind when he wrote these lines.



ETHEL MITCHELL

A star performer in all she undertakes. Entered the try-outs for the Versailles and North Vernon oratorical meets. Intends to prepare herself for teaching.



MARIE NICTER

"I want what I want when I want it, and if I can't have it then, I won't take it at all."



LILA NIEMAN

"The trifling fancies of girlhood I find but to be in the way."



HULDA OSTERMAN

"I just adore those big overgrown lads who run panting, ranting, rearing species of vehicles called Fords."



FAY PARKER

Her vivacity and good looks seem to be a never failing mascot in the realms of High School popularity.



FAE PATRICK

"We hardly find any persons of good sense save those who agree with us."



VEVA PAUL

Caesar with all of his accomplishments had nothing on Veva, who has been editor-in-chief of the Patriot, honor student, orator, poetess and actress. "So there."





**MALCOLM RITTENHOUSE**

This plane of existence is too tame for "Newt." His mind often wanders into worlds peopled with objects and accidents of his brain. There he plays with wiffle-bats, fan-tail tigers, etc.



**EDWIN SCHLETER**

Ed gets in lots of rest through the day. He doesn't care in particular about anything and if habits broke themselves, without doubt, he would have quit coming to school.



**HORACE SEELINGER**

Carlyle speaks of an inarticulate genius—he didn't allude to "Ike Spivins." Ike's vocal condition ought to be appreciated. He can imitate off-hand anything from an alarm clock to a brass band, trombone leading. He doesn't sing—he never trifles with his voice.



**OSCAR SHEPARD**

"Shep" holds the breakage record in Physics as well as being the record breaker "Patriot" business manager.



**RUBY SMITH**

"As far as I'm concerned, men may come and men may go or stay away forever."



VERGIL SNOW

Translated from Vergil: "Silently hand in hand through the rosy dawn of life's spring time, wander LOVE and I, the earthly forms of two angels."



EDNA SUMNER

"If one allows little curls to drape one's neck one can meander around more easily than if one's hair is combed so tight one cannot close one's eyes."



WILLA TECKEMEYER

Mr. Mott calls me Miss Teckemeyer, Miss Andrews calls me Willa but Kenny calls me "Bill."



EVA THICKSTEN

"Blessed are the thorough and quick thinkers for they shall receive a big string of A's."

MARIE WIENEKE

Marie is a thoroughly deserving girl whose absence caused by protracted illness to be deeply regretted.



LILLIAN WHITSON

Since it is all safely over, it has to be admitted that Lillian was the prize "skipper" of the school. What more conclusive proof of her ability could be found?

ANNA ZIMMERMAN

"I like all friends, most every kind. But, I don't like friends that don't like mine."



# The Juniors

"Know Thy Opportunity"

Tree · Oak

Flower · Red · Rose

Colors · Red · And · White

President  
Vice · President  
Secretary  
Treasurer

Frank · Weller  
Dewey · Craig  
Doris · Jackson  
Edrick · Cordes

MADGE BAKER  
MABEL BENNETT  
JEROME BOYLES  
FREDERICK BRETTHAUER  
DAISY CARTER  
CARMINA COLABUONO  
EDRICK CORDES  
GEORGIA COX  
DEWEY CRAIG  
ALICE DIXON  
GLADYS FOX  
GLADYS GLASSON  
CHARLES HEIN  
MARGARET HIRTZEL  
KATIE HODAPP  
ESTHER HUMES  
DORIS JACKSON  
HAROLD JAMES

THELMA JONES  
LUCILE KASTING  
LAWRENCE KASTING  
LUCILE KESSLER  
ALICE KRUGE ..  
EMMA KRUGE  
JUSTINE LEAS  
KATHERINE LOVE  
HARRY MILLER  
DOROTHY MONROE  
MILDRED NICHTER  
WILLIAM ROSS  
OTIS SHANNON  
JENNIE SHIELDS  
FRANCIS STUNKEL  
WILLIAM TOPIE  
FRANK WELLER



# The Sophomores

THELMA ALBERRING  
RALPH AMICK  
ELSIE AUFFENBERG  
LAKE BANTA  
RAYMOND EATSON  
BEULAH BARNUM  
MEEDY BLISH  
LORITA BOLLINGER  
EDITH BOWMAN  
LOUISE BRADY  
ALBERT BRETTHAUER  
LEROY BRETTHAUER  
EDWARD BUEHNER  
MAURICE BYRNE  
HELEN CLARK  
LYNN CORDES  
RUTH CRAIG  
HELEN DANNETTELE  
MARGUERITE DARLING  
DURBIN DAY  
EARL DIECK  
EDNA DOWNS  
RUBY EARNEST  
MERRILL ELLIOTT  
GLEASON EWING  
EDWIN FETTIG  
MONCLOVA FIELDS  
MYLREA FINDLEY  
LORA FLEEHEARTY  
HENRY FOSTER  
GARNET GREEMAN  
HOWARD GREEN  
MAUD GREEN  
LILLIAN GRIFFITTS  
ALLEN GOENS  
STELLA GOSSET  
MARIE GUDGEL  
JANE HAAS

MARJORY HAGAN  
FRIEDA HALL  
MARGARET HALL  
IRENE HEIDEMAN  
GINCIE HEITMAN  
CLYDE HILL  
JAMES HIMLER  
WALTER HUBER  
HAZEL HUMES  
FERN HUNTER  
RUTH HUNTER  
LAEL HURBAUGH  
SIMEON JONES  
GLENN KEACH  
RUTH KRAMER  
WARREN LAFKIN  
GLADYS LAWELL  
EDWARD LEWIS  
LEO LEWIS  
CLETUS MACKEY  
LUELLA MASCHER  
LEOTA MAY  
HAROLD MERCER  
RUTH MILLER  
LOUIS MEYER  
ROY NEWBY  
OLGA PEASE  
HELEN PHILLIPS  
ESTHER PRALL  
EDWIN RUDDICK  
BERTHA SCHMIDT  
CHARLES SPURLING  
HAZEL STANFIELD  
HILDA STEINWEDEL  
EDITH SUMMA  
OMEGA WHEATON  
JOSEPHINE WHITE  
ARTHUR WILDE



# The Freshmen

BESSIE ABELL  
WILLIAM ABEL  
HAZEL ACKERET  
FRED ACKERMAN  
ELSIE ADAMS  
AGNES ANDREWS  
LUCY BALLARD  
CHARLES BANTA  
MARY G. BILLINGS  
CHARLES BLUMER  
CARL BRASKETT  
GAYNELL BREITFIELD  
WILLARD BURCKDALL  
FELIX CADOU  
MAE CARR  
ANNA H. CARTER  
MONTA H. CONNELLY  
NORMA CORDES  
MARION CRABB  
OPAL CRAIG  
CHARLES CRANE  
NEWTON DAY  
PEARL DAY  
WELDON DAVIS  
IRENE DEHLER  
MARGARET DEHLER  
MARGARET De MATTEO  
GEORGE DOANE  
FRANCIS DOWNS  
WILLIAM ECKSTEIN  
BERTHA EWING

SHIRLEY FAULKCONER  
ALICE FRICKE  
EVERETT FOSTER  
EMMA GALLAMORE  
FRANCES GREEN  
BEATRICE GRIMES  
ELLEN GRUBER  
ELLSWORTH HAGEL  
RUSSELL HARRY  
MERRILL HARSH  
LAWRENCE HIGGINS  
MELVIN HILL  
MARY L. HONAN  
MARGARET HOPEWELL  
DOROTHY HUBER  
GARRISON HUMES  
DORA JOHNSON  
CECIL JONES  
RUBY JUDD  
ROBERT KEACH  
CLARA KRUWEL  
ELLA MAY KRUWEL  
HARRY LIEBRANDT  
HELEN LEWIS  
OREN LEWIS  
ELNORA LOCKMAN  
MAURICE MACKEY  
EDWARD MASSMAN  
GLADYS MAY  
LEOTA McCANN  
LOIS McDONALD





## The Freshmen [Continued]

ALICE MONROE  
EDMUND MONTGOMERY  
MAY NICHOLS  
DORIS NORBECK  
GLENN NORBECK  
EARL PARKER  
ARTHUR PHILLIPS  
BERT PHILLIPS  
D. POPPENHOUSE  
GRACE PRALL  
CAROL PROBST  
OSCAR QUADDE  
JOHN H. REIDER  
KATHRYN REIDER  
ELIZABETH REMY  
MIRIAM RINNE  
CLIFFORD ROBBINS  
MALCOLM ROUTT  
EDNA RUDDICK  
SARAH RUDDICK

KATHRYN SCHAEFER  
LAWRENCE SCHAEFER  
ANNA SCHMIDT  
HOWARD SCHULTZ  
EUGENE SMITH  
LOWELL SMITH  
DOROTHY SPANAGEL  
TRAVIS SPEAR  
LEO SPRAY  
LORENE STANFIELD  
RUTH STANFIELD  
OLIVE STANTS  
LAURA TASKEY  
MARGARET THOMAS  
IRENE TULLIS  
BERT ULM  
EDWIN VOGEL  
EMMA WESNER  
HELEN WOLTERS  
MACIE WHITSON



**Freshman Boys**  
**1917**



**Freshman Girls  
1917**



*"Turning for them who pass, the common dust  
Of servile opportunity to gold."*



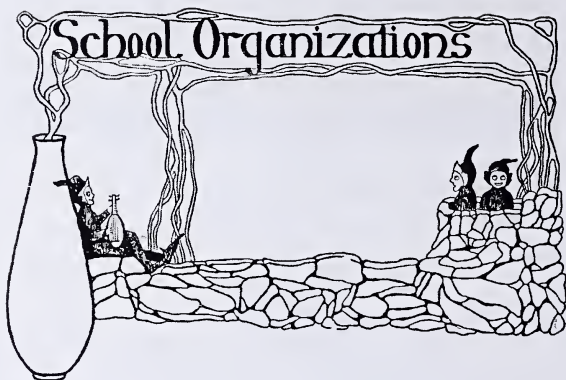
## The Agriculture Department

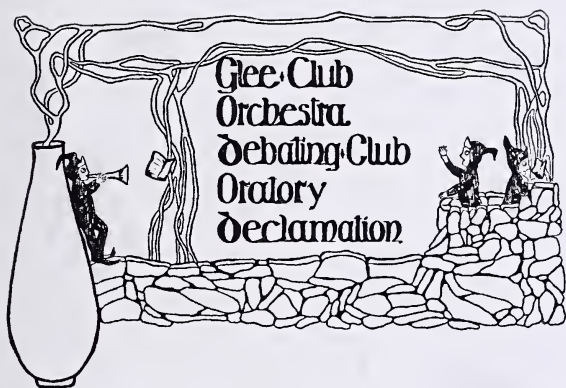
**I**N THE fall of 1917 agriculture, as a vocational subject, was introduced in the Shields High School. The work is organized under the direct supervision of the state and of Purdue University. Its aim is to give special training in agriculture and it is designed especially to meet the needs of boys interested in farming.

The course is in charge of A. E. Murphy, a graduate of the agriculture department of Purdue University, and a practical farmer as well as teacher. He is in charge of the work the entire year. The course includes many of the following subjects of study: soil study, agriculture botany, animal husbandry, poultry raising, live stock feeding, seed selection, fertilizers, care of fruit trees, gardening, nursery work, farm accounting, farm mechanics, dairying, etc. The students in this course give each afternoon session of the term to agriculture and allied subjects. The forenoon sessions are given to other studies selected from the regular high school course. Students doing full work in agriculture receive two regular high school credits each semester, and one for summer work.

Any person who has completed the eighth grade may enter the course. Young people may enter without taking any other work in high school, if so desired.

The course is as practical as it can be made, and it is the hope of the department to secure and keep in Shields School as many farm boys as possible.









John Connelly Helen Barnes Malcolm Rittenhouse Flossie Collins Fae Patrick Genevieve Brocker

## Triangular Debate

THIS YEAR a comparatively new phase of work along oratorical lines has been developed in the high school. Heretofore work of this type has been confined chiefly to class debates and school contests. Upon the request of Washington high school, which has had quite a bit of such work, it was decided to enter a triangular debate with that city and Bedford. The decision was supported by universal enthusiasm on the part of Seymour and while she did not win in the debate, she is optimistic in regard to her future chances. The subject discussed was: "Resolved that Congress was justified in passing the Literacy Test over the President's veto." Seymour's negative team was sent to Washington, March 20, while Bedford's negative met Seymour's affirmative at Seymour.

## High School Discussion League



Veva Paul was selected to represent the county at Versailles, April 6. Other counties represented were Switzerland, Bartholomew, Dearborn, Jefferson and Johnson.

FOR SEVERAL years Indiana has been trying to stimulate and strengthen oratory in the high schools. To arouse enthusiasm among the students, the schools meet each other in oratorical contests. The local meets determine the school's representative to the county meet. From that the winner is sent to the contest held in his congressional district. The district winner is sent to the state meet at Bloomington. The subject is always one of civic importance pertaining to the present needs. The high schools of the state chose for their subject this year the question of "Compulsory Military Training." The Jackson County preliminary was held at Seymour early in April.



## S. E. I. H. S. A.

THE SOUTH Eastern Indiana High School Association draws its membership from Franklin, North Vernon, Seymour, Madison, Aurora and Lawrenceburg. For several years the Association has held contests in Oratory and Reading. Each school in the Association holds its preliminary and selects representatives for both the Oratory and Reading. The same person may enter both contests. The contestant is free to choose his own subject matter, the only requirement being that his oration be original. This year the contest was held at North Vernon April 20th. The six schools in the Association were represented by two contestants each.



The Shields High School was ably represented by Fae Patrick. The subject of his oration was "Prophecies of War."



Robert Keach won second place for Seymour in the reading contest. His selection was "George Says Boys Don't Have Such a Snap After All."



## The High School Orchestra

**A**NOTHER OF our splendid organizations is the High School Orchestra now consisting of seventeen members organized in the spring of 1914 under the efficient leadership of Miss Gasaway. It has grown steadily and has been genuinely appreciated.

The orchestra has been most generous and has added greatly to the success of all the High School home-talent affairs. It has given many special programs in chapel period. The work has proven a double success in that it is a benefit to the members themselves and because it has come to mean so much to the life of the school as a whole.

The members are:

Violins—WILLA TECKEMEYER  
CARL SUMNER  
LILLIAN GRIFFITHS  
ELLSWORTH HAGEL  
WARREN LAFKIN  
HELEN DANNETTELE  
LOWELL SMITH

Cornets—FAE PATRICK  
RALPH AMICK  
VIRGIL SNOW  
Clarinet—CHARLES HEIN  
Trombone—HORACE SEELINGER  
Saxophone—OSCAR SHEPARD  
Piano—LUCILE KESSLER



## The Glee Club

AND NOW we come to the school warblers, "The Glee Club," which has grown to be an essential both in the practical and social life of the school. It was thought advisable to unite the girls and boys Glee Clubs this year and much effective work has since been accomplished.

Several splendid programs showing a wide range both of classical and popular music have been given and were enthusiastically received by the student body. The "Glee Club" has in a way dominated the general choruses of the school and their effective leading has added much to the spirit.

The final achievement of the Glee Club came in the presentation of two operettas in which the leading roles were taken by Glee Club members. Too, they helped very materially in the success of the choruses. The necessity of repeating the performance is ample proof of their worth.

A quartette composed of some of the best male voices are planning to present a ragtime program at several of the commencement festivities. The Senior boys will furnish the music for Baccalaureate and the entire Glee Club is preparing a splendid program for Commencement night.

# Alumni Et Alumnae

PRESIDENT . . . .	HARRY G. McDONALD
VICE-PRESIDENT .	MRS. IDA M. KASPER
SECRETARY . . . .	MISS MYRA LAUPUS
TREASURER . . . .	LYNN L. BOLLINGER

## The Alumni Association

C. S.

NOT FROM the time it was first organized until January of 1916 did the Alumni Association of Shields High School have an organization.

This sounds paradoxical, but is a fact. As far back as the writer can remember—and alumni historians of other days say it was ever thus—there had, of course, always been a president, a secretary and a treasurer. They were elected at the annual meeting of the society by popular vote.

Through it all there was a woeful lack of organization, of a definite program, of something tangible to work for. Too often the mistake was made of electing as president a member of the graduating class, only to have him leave for college the next fall. Thus the benefit of even a temporary organization was lost, and the society drifted along like a ship without a rudder.

This has all changed, however, and the Alumni Association is today an incorporated society, with a permanent organization, an excellent constitution, and a splendid corps of officers. And what is more important than this, it has a definite aim in view—the upbuilding of an organization that shall have for its work the development of a greater co-operation between the community and the school.

As its first step in this program the society has accepted the custody and management of a scholarship loan fund that has been established to aid girl graduates of the school in obtaining a college education. It is hoped that this fund may be increased until it will be of great service to many of our new members. The idea of the scholarship fund for girls originated with the Friday Magazine Club, which organization made the original contribution to the fund, and was conceived shortly after the announcement of the Thompson Memorial Scholarship at Yale for young men graduates of the school.

It is the intention of the present officers to combine the social features of the society's activities with the more serious work it has undertaken, believing that both will profit thereby. There is a place—in fact there is a necessity, for both if the organization is to fill its proper place in our community life.

So to this work the officers extend a call to every member, from the oldest graduate to the members of the class of 1917. With the loyalty and co-operation of everyone, which they have a right to expect, they will exert every effort to make the influence of the association felt in every worthy endeavor in the city.

Remember, this is YOUR Alumni Society. It needs YOUR sympathy and active co-operation if it is to become what you would like to have it.

*The following is a communication written at our request, by Mr. John L. Patrick, the editor-in-chief of the first PATRIOT. We take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude for his felicitous message.—THE EDITOR.*

AT THE opening of the fall term, in 1898, the idea of a paper to be called the High School Patriot originated in the keen and kindly mind of Professor Henry C. Montgomery. He presented the idea to the assembled classes and instructors, setting forth the aims, ideals and limitations of such a paper. I was appointed editor, possibly because of some local reporting done by me for one of the Seymour dailies, Miss Anna Hancock, Assistant Principal was made supervising editor. The name was probably inspired by the stirring days in which we were living, as it was in April of the year that marked the beginning of the Spanish-American war.

During the first year there were three printed numbers, one at Thanksgiving, Washington's Birthday, and Commencement. There were also written copies each week, read at Friday afternoon exercises, which were in vogue those days. The printed numbers were financed through the generosity of the local merchants in advertising. While the Patriot was largely the work of the Senior class, it was representative of the entire high school, and was in no sense a class annual. So much for its early history.

In those days, I believe the Patriot enhanced a feeling of patriotism to our school, to all constituted authority, and to our nation. While I am surprised at this opportunity of once more contributing a message through its columns, to the school, the Seniors and the Alumni, I am also greatly pleased and feel at no loss as to what should be the tenor of my message, though somewhat in doubt as to the words with which to clothe my thought. It is a prayer for the reviving and multiplying many fold of those old thrills of patriotism in all of us and a desire that the Patriot may in some way serve as an aid toward this end. We are living in a much more wonderful time today than in 1898. The autocracies of the world are becoming democracies, the privileges and duties of the classes, viewed worldwide, seem to me to be multiplied as the grasp of greed and privilege are curtailed. Can we not formulate a campaign plan to take advantage of them? The simplest method that occurs to me is a change of wording of that terse strategic plan of Grant's, which was "POUND, POUND, POUND," and for each of us, in so far as possible, increase our ability to constructively, WORK, WORK, WORK, out the problems that confront us, to our satisfaction, to the service of our country, and the glory of God.

As an afterthought, only to the extent that we have the ability to WORK, WORK, WORK, out our successes will we be able to receive and enjoy them.

J. L. P., '99.

## The Man From Home

BOOTH TARKINGTON

Given by the Alumni Association of Shields High School, Dec. 12, '16  
at the

### MAJESTIC THEATRE

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS:

<i>Daniel Voorhees Pike</i> .....	CASH McOSKER
<i>The Grand Duke Vasili Vasilivitch</i> .....	WALTER VOSS
<i>The Earl of Hawcastle</i> .....	CARL R. SWITZER
<i>The Hon. Almeric St. Aubyn</i> .....	KINGSLEY BRINKLOW
<i>Ivanoff</i> .....	HARRY H. McDONALD
<i>Horace Granger-Simpson</i> .....	LINDEN HOBAPP
<i>Ribiere</i> .....	MAURICE JENNINGS
<i>Mariano</i> .....	COULTER MONTGOMERY
<i>Michele</i> .....	INEZ PAUL
<i>Carabiniere</i> .....	{ GEORGE LAUFUS LOUIS CORDS
<i>Ethel Granger-Simpson</i> .....	LILLIAN OSTERMAN
<i>Comtesse DeChampigny</i> .....	MRS. JOHN RAPP
<i>Lady Creech</i> .....	MRS. R. O. MAYES

# "Tis The





# Actor's Leaf"





## The Year In Dramatics

LEE MILLER

**A**MONG THE new features of the school work that have been organized during the past year is the dramatic work conducted in the Junior and Senior English classes under the direction of Mr. Arthur J. Berinault, of Indianapolis. In order to give the classes practical experience four short plays were undertaken.

These included "The County Chairman," "Heart's Haven," "Doc Horne" and "Scenes from Riley," all of which were taken from Indiana authors, and which reflected the general spirit of the Indiana Centennial.

In addition to this special course, the usual entertainments were also given. Two enjoyable productions, "The Lady from Philadelphia," and "Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works," were given at the annual Christmas bazaar, and they were a large factor in the success of the fair.

The final climax of the season was the Senior class play. "The Fortune Hunter," with Kenneth McCurdy and Helen Barnes taking the leading roles, won over its audience by its skillful acting, sharp humor, and the quick action of the plot. It was pronounced one of the best ever given by the school.



### *The Fortune Hunter*

By WINCHELL SMITH

Presented by Senior class, May 28, 1917, at the  
MAJESTIC THEATRE

## The Fortune Hunter

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

KENNETH McCURDY	.....	The fortune hunter
FAE PATRICK	.....	A rising young financier
WILLARD BECKER	.....	A promoter
HAL BRANAMAN	.....	Two Wall Street
LEE MILLER	.....	young men
CLYDE FITZGIBBON	.....	A millionaire's son
VIRGIL SNOW	.....	Kellogg's servant
JESS HOOVER	.....	A newsboy

### VILLAGE CHARACTERS

ELMER BOLLINGER	.....	The druggist
MALCOLM RITTENHOUSE	.....	The banker
HORACE SHELINGER	.....	The liveryman's son
PAUL BRUCKER	.....	The sheriff
JOHN CONNELLY	.....	The drummer
KENNETH GREEMAN	.....	The tailor
EDWIN SCHLEYER	.....	The old inhabitant
HELEN BARNES	.....	The druggist's daughter
MARGARET McCORD	.....	The banker's daughter
MADGE LINKE	.....	The friend of Josie

## "The Brownies' Secret"

CLARA J. DENTON

W. RHYS HERBERT

### CHARACTERS

The Gardener.....	Robert Keach
His daughter.....	Dorothy Spanagel
The child.....	Virginia Hoadley
The Brownies, the Sunbeams, the Daisies, the Pansies, the Roses, the Sweet Peas.	

## "The Bogus School Inspector"

FRANK BOOTH

### CHARACTERS

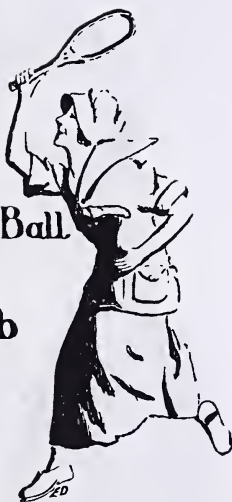
Colonel Fig, Inspector of Schools.....	Oscar Shepard
Valet to Inspector .....	Fae Patrick
Miss Pointer, School Teacher.....	Mary Louise Honan
Mr. Fetcham, School Attendance Officer.....	Oscar Shepard
Johnny Stout.....	Paul Becker
Dunces and Scholars.	
Pianist—Lucile Kessler.	
Violinist—Lillian Griffiths.	
Music—High School Orchestra	



# Athletics



**Basket Ball  
Track  
"S" Club**







## Athletics

THE BASKET BALL team started practice last fall working under several difficulties. There were only two players left from last year on the entire varsity squad. The new material was composed of players who were comparatively small and inexperienced. Yet the team as a whole was a fighting one, and certainly, no team ever represented the school that knew more inside basket ball and more tricks of the game.

The basket ball team got off to a good start winning six of the eight games scheduled before Christmas. Immediately after the vacation the team faced the hardest schedule ever undertaken by Seymour High School. Yet the number of games won and lost was about even. The failure of the team to make an excellent record was caused by lagging interest, and considerable difficulty was experienced in keeping the players in physical condition and in trim to play their best game.

Franklin was the only team to win two games from the home team. An even break was made with North Vernon, Scottsburg, and Bedford. Two games were won from Milan and Columbus. The complete record of the season shows eleven games won and eight lost. Total points scored by S. H. S. 592; Opponents—446.

### Schedule of Games

Seymour.....	21	Milan .....	16
Seymour.....	35	Scottsburg ...	24
Seymour.....	15	Bedford .....	23
Seymour.....	25	Columbus ....	23
Seymour.....	53	North Vernon..	14
Seymour.....	59	Madison .....	17
Seymour.....	16	Bloomington ..	28
Seymour.....	36	Crothersville ..	12
Seymour.....	16	Franklin .....	25
Seymour.....	32	Bedford .....	20
Seymour.....	29	Hopewell .....	32
Seymour.....	30	Columbus .....	22
Seymour.....	25	Franklin .....	28
Seymour.....	36	Milan .....	13
Seymour.....	21	North Vernon..	23
Seymour.....	69	Vallonia .....	14
Seymour.....	17	Scottsburg ....	63
Seymour.....	41	Moorefield ....	15
Seymour.....	16	Vevay .....	34
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Seymour.....	592	Opponents ....	446

## The "S" Club

J. H.

WITH THE idea of creating more interest in athletics and also to give the opportunity to everyone to obtain exercise and recreation the "S" Club was formed. The formation of such athletic clubs, which places the requirements for membership upon the ability of anyone to pass certain tests of physical skill and endurance, is also an outgrowth of the conviction of many that all around physical development is better than highly specialized athletics. The requirements aim to require some work to attain them. They are not rigid, but just out of reach of the novice. They aim to develop all sets of muscles of the body, for there is the dash and the long run; the broad jump and the high jump; the shot and throwing baseball.

While only a few are able to participate in varsity athletics, the Club is open to everyone, and all are encouraged to try what they can do. In this way, a boy may discover some special ability he did not suspect he possessed. If anyone is unable to qualify for Senior standing, he can make Junior. The schedule of events and requirements are:

### Requirements

Events	Senior	Junior
100 yard dash	12 2-5 seconds	13 seconds
220 yard low hurdles	33 seconds	35 seconds
Running high jump	4 feet, 6 inches	4 feet, 2 inches
Running broad jump	16 feet	14 feet
Pole vault	7 feet, 9 inches	7 feet
1 mile run	6 minutes	6 minutes, 30 seconds
Seven mile walk	1 hour, 45 minutes	2 hours, 10 minutes
Swimming	50 yards	40 yards
Throwing base ball	220 feet	190 feet
12 lb. shot put	30 feet	25 feet

\*This is requirement for a boy of 145 pounds or over, and is scaled down in the following proportion:

145 lbs.: boy's weight :: 30 ft.: his requirement.

For Junior standing, substitute 25 ft. in above proportion.



#### BASKET BALL SQUAD

TOP ROW—Harold James, Edrick Cordes, Frederick Bretthauer, Mansil Hughes, Charles Crane, Frank Weller.

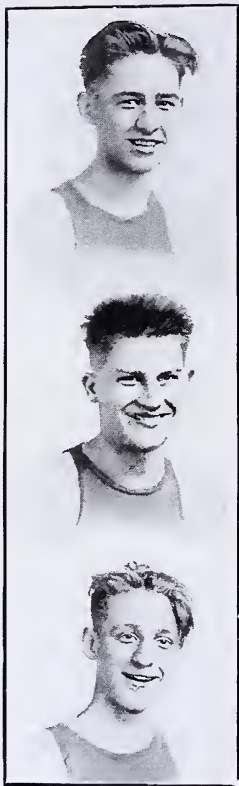
BOTTOM ROW—Horace Seelinger, Virgil Snow, William Eekstein, Kenneth McCurdy, Oscar Shepard, Jerome Boyles, John Connelly.

The most experienced and largest player on the team "Kenny" is a fighter. His playing shows the result of



CAPT. MCCURDY

three years experience. He is best in getting the tip off at center and playing the floor.



OSCAR SHEPARD—"Shep."

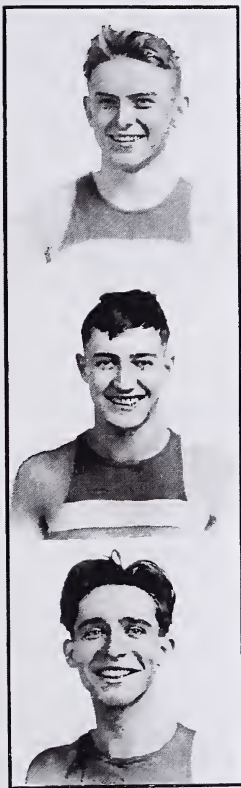
"Shep" is a consistent player at Guard. Without any previous experience he has learned a lot of basket ball and has given some good exhibitions of breaking up opposing plays.

HORACE SEELINGER—"Ike Spivins."

"Ike" filled the position of floor guard. His biggest assets as a basket ball player were his energy name, and fighting spirit. Although small, he played his position well and always managed to score several goals.

JEROME BOYLES—"Hap."

"Hap" played his second year on the varsity. He was always cool and level-headed. Fast and a good basket thrower, he always succeeded in scoring several points in his position at forward. "Hap" is next year's captain.



JOHN CONNELLY—"Johnnie."

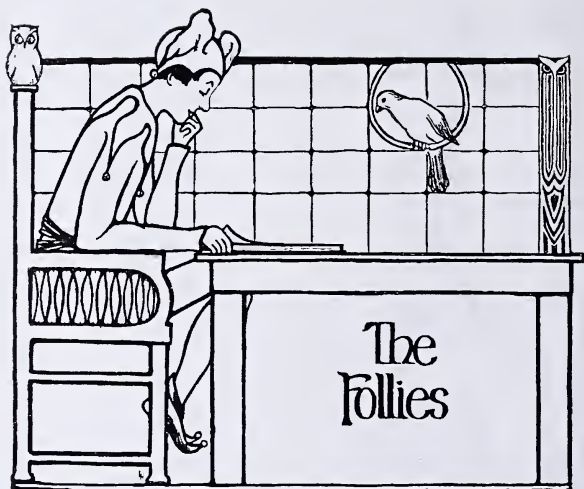
"Johnnie" was our sub-forward. His lightness and smallness prevented him from securing a regular position. No player on the team was a harder worker. He was very fast and a fair goal shooter.

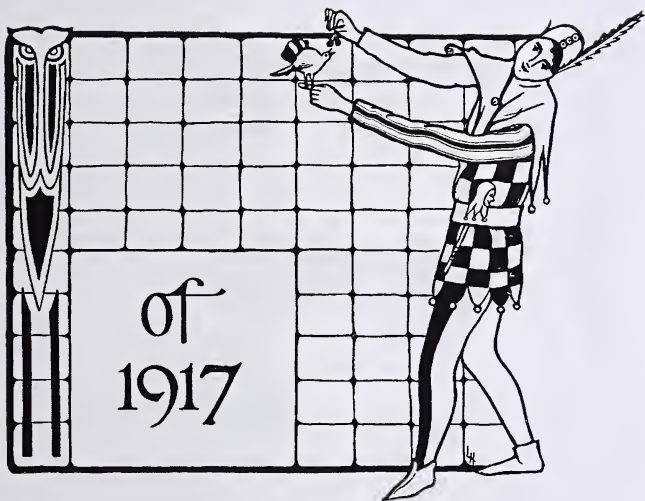
VIRGIL SNOW—"Virg."

This was "Virg's" first year as a varsity player. He filled the position of forward in a creditable manner. "Virg" was the most consistent and cleanest player on the team.

WILLIAM ECKSTEIN—"Phoenix."

"Phoenix" held down the hard position of guarding the opponents' goal. This was his first year on the team and he should develop into a star before he finishes his high school career. "Ex" would never let an opposing player get rough with him.





Mansil H.—“Genevieve, you are the breath of my life.”  
Genevieve—“Then hold your breath.”

Mr. Murphy—“Tipton, can you get some land for a garden?”  
Tipton—“Yes, but there’s a boy out there who bothers me all the time.”  
Joe Andrews—“The book says to spray all pests.”

## WHEN—THEN

M. R., '17

When the lion eats grass like an ox,  
When the fishworm swallows the whale,  
When the robins knit woolen socks,  
And the hare is outrun by the snail;

When Thomas eats swim through the air,  
And elephants roost on trees;  
When insects in summer are rare,  
And snuff never makes people sneeze;

When fish creep over dry land,  
And mules on bicycles ride;  
When foxes lay eggs in the sand,  
And women in dress take no pride;

When ideas grow in a baboon’s head,  
And treason no longer is crime;  
Then will the '17 class be dead,  
And the country not worth a dime.

Miss Remy (in English)—Merrill, what is your comment on “Cranford?”  
Merrill—I have nothing to say, only I’m amused the way the ladies do.

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## The Passing Show of 1916

### ACT I

### SCENE I

September 18—The curtain rises.

September 19—A. Everessence Murphy is discovered. Faculty receives strong support.

September 20—A. E. Murphy and W. G. Hendershot eye each other.

September 25—Juniors painfully organize. Heated discussion on virtue of dogwood as class tree.

September 28—John H. Reider is requested to discontinue his last period vacations. John remarks this country is free. “’Nuff sed,” Miss Andrews thinks.

[Page Eighty-eight



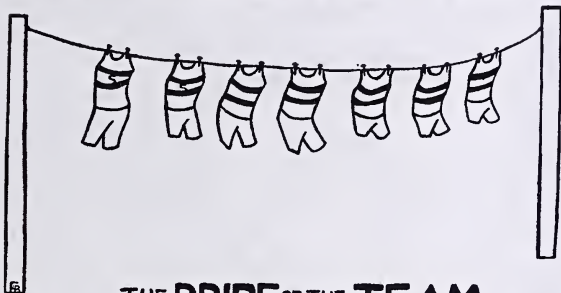
Lost: The key to my heart—Mary Louise H.

Found—On my key ring.—Felix C.

Lee Miller (in Vergil class)—Why no, the word "got" isn't in good use. I don't use it. Nobody else does.

Mr. Phillips (in General Science class)—Upon the application of heat, what happens to the metal rod?

Agnes Andrews (waving her hand as if she knew)—It will get hot.



## THE PRIDE OF THE TEAM

Uncle Sam doesn't want Mr. Phillips for a soldier, as they would have to dig the trenches so deep.

Felix Cadou's new long trousers remind one of a Persian rug.

Miss Remy—Alice, what reason does Ruskin give for beginning a girl's education earlier than a boy's?

Alice B.—Well, she grows faster. (Long pause) Just like a flower.,

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### The Passing Show of 1916

#### ACT I

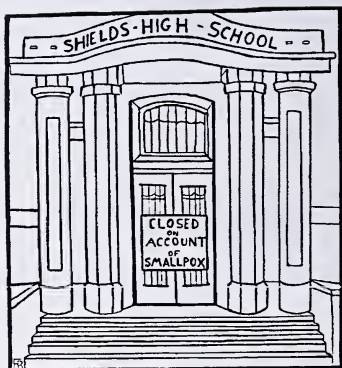
#### SCENE II

October 10—Junior party. Frederick Bretthauer finds No. 11's not conducive to dancing.

October 16—Mr. Phillips fittingly christens Percy Wells "Pythagoras."

October 30—Strangely appareled figures flit along the Rockford road. 'Tis no Shakespearean masque. Merely the Seniors hastening to their Hal-lowe'en party.

November 12—Junior class pins arrive. Wherefore is that wan wistful half-hearted Senior expression?



## FRESHIE'S DREAM

### POOR VEVA !!!

Veva got the small-pox, one bright and sunny day,  
And from her home the doctors kept all visitors away.  
Blame it all on Veva!

The teachers called a meeting soon, with mien sedate and grave.  
The generous souls determined us from small-pox they would save.  
Blame it all on Veva!

At assembly short and happy, we were blithesome, glad, and gay,  
Then there came that hated order, "This is vaccination day."  
Blame it all on Veva!

Blame it all—confound the luck, that vaccination talk,  
And worst of all—infernal luck, that vaccination walk.  
Blame it all on Veva!

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## The Passing Show of 1916

### ACT I

### SCENE III

December 25—Santa Claus enters. ! ! !

## Esperanto

IKE SPIVINS

"Hey, guy, what-u-got on that Physies test, find out, huh?"—"I got some register, a doll of a goose egg, but I should worry."—"Listen, if I get a 'D' on my pasteboard the old man will make a razor-strop register on me."—"Well, such is life in small burgs, but you're not in bad as much as me anyway."—"I got caught traveling last period and stood on the green carpet three hours. The chief picked my ticker right, and then said if I did it again, it was good-bye. O cruel world, have a heart!"—"Say guy, goin' out for basket-ball, that's good dope, get beat up every other night on the scrubs. Why some of them ginks are carried out on blotters, and others have battle-scarred visages, such as blackened lamps, broken bugles, and twisted gozzles, on that I murmur 'never more!' "—"I'm nix on the rough stuff also. See what a dainty complexion I've got."—"Oh say! Have you got a date for tonight after the show?"—"No, I'm staggin' it for a while. All the "Frauleins" love me though!"—"Yes, I know that, and also you fall like a stewed owl for all the new girls beautifully though.—Why gink, you ain't got nothing on me as a ladies' man. I let them fall for me, take em out to the show and set 'em up, and then I say 'Good Bye! I don't know you any more.'"—"Yes, you always were good at pulling that 'Little Village Stuff.'"—"Well, it's about foddering time. I guess I'll beat it to the beanery for my hay. So long, guy, see you at the show."

Miss Quinn (in Vergil)—"Now who was Minos?"

Hulda O.—"The guard at the entrance to Hades, wasn't he?"

Miss Quinn—"Yes, we'll meet him there later."

Mr. Phillips (in chemistry)—"Hurry up and tell all you know about it, Kenneth, it won't take you long."

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### The Passing Show of 1917

#### ACT II

#### SCENE I

January 26—Deep devions mystery—one extra day of freedom granted us. Bill Eckstein acquires an extra wrinkle as to the why and wherefore.

January 28—Ah, the question solved! They let us out of school Friday so they could inform us whether we were to take other subjects or to take the same ones over again.

February 14—Commemorating the anniversary of Hon. St. Valentine, and incidentally the birth of a few new 'cases.'

## Hymn of Hate

HELEN BARNES

I HATE cases,  
THEY GET on my nerves—

\* \* \* \* \*

FIRST THERE are the ones of long standing,  
BEGUN IN the sixth grade,  
AND CONTINUED to the Senior year, drab uninterested cases,  
THEY TAKE each other for granted, and would as soon think of murder,  
AS OF spending a Sunday or Friday night  
AWAY FROM the fellow-sufferer.  
THEY SIT for hours in the porch swing, yawn most ostentatiously, and  
EACH ONE is thinking how soon ten o'clock will arrive  
BUT NEITHER would give up the other—for worlds.

\* \* \* \* \*

THEN THERE are the basket ball cases.  
WITH HIM a stalwart young center or so.  
AND SHE a clinging little creature  
WHO COMES every Friday night to see her hero perform,  
AND SHRIEKS loud and long when he makes a basket,  
OR WHATEVER it is centers do.  
THIS CASE usually ends long about  
TOURNEY TIME, when the team is defeated,  
AND A better man than he is appears on the scene  
FROM SOME nearby hamlet or town.

\* \* \* \* \*

WORST OF all are the one-sided affairs,  
WHEN ONE of the victims falls hard, receiving little or no response  
FROM THE other side of the case.  
THEY WRITE long and languishing notes,  
"MY DEAREST, try to like me just a wee bit."  
AND THEN, when the cold heart  
RELENTS, THE infatuated one finds that he or she has ceased to care  
WHETHER IT relents or not, and are off on a search  
FOR OTHER cold hearts to conquer.

\* \* \* \* \*

I HATE "cases."  
THEY GET on my nerves.

Miss Andrews (dismissing assembly room)—“The inner rows remain, while the outer rows pass away.”

A Senior's idea of a “Master of Art”—A Freshman, who, when caught skipping, gives the excuse, “I didn't know any better.”

Miss Remy—“Why is rain the purest form of water?”

Opal Craig—“Because it comes from heaven.”



## DEAD AND DON'T KNOW IT CLASSIFIED BY W.H

Edwin Schleter (balancing himself on a chair in Physics lab.)—“Mr. Phillips, have you seen my wonderful feat?”

Mr. Phillips—“Yes, I see them every time you come to class.”

Miss Laupus (in History)—“What has been the military condition of the United States up to the present time, Jerome?”

Jerome B. (who hasn't recited for three months)—“Not prepared, Miss Laupus.”

Miss Laupus—“Correct, Jerome.”

Lee Miller (reciting America)—“My voice with rapture thrills.”

Paul Becker—“Oh, Lee, Miss Gasaway could use you in the operetta.”

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### The Passing Show of 1917

#### ACT II

#### SCENE II

February 15—Juniors present “Doc Horne” under the auspices of one “Pud” Wilde.

February 20, A. M.—A certain waggish character absorbs Mr. Phillip's finely drawn impression of him

February 20, P. M.—“Said character repairs to Columbus High School.

March 10—Basket Ball Tourney. Arthur Elizabeth Murphy can't make himself behave away from home.

## En Passant

Mr. Ackerman—"Disorganizing gray matter or a cold on the liver goes hard with a fellow."

Miss James—"My artistic temperament turns to the occasional drawing of checks."

Miss Quinn—"Caesar and I could have conquered the world."

Miss Laupus—"I like the basket ball boys as a rule, but I'd rather try teaching a heathen than a good player."

Miss Gasaway—"I should worry 'cause agriculture and music would'nt harmonize."

Miss Martindale—"I just adore a silent man, but if he knew it, he'd run circles around himself to get home."

Miss Remy—"You young 'Dear-hunters' couldn't a bit more get an 'A' than you could lift the latch on Eden's gate."

Miss Davison—"Us girls will powder."

Miss Andrews—"A good man is a dead man."

Miss Vehslage—"To run one's 'Ford' on the sidewalk ist verboten."

Mr. Murphy—"Good-bye girls, I'm through."

Mr. Hendershot—"Nobody cares for nobody, when nobody won't chatter like a fool."

Miss Roegge—"To perambulate after the manner of men tends to silence the innocent antics of youth."

Mr. Phillips—"Boys, these girls' hearts are about as loosely constructed as their brains."

Miss Alwes—"Lavished admonition prunes the tender thought but lavished powder only teaches youthful wit to shoot."



### VERS LIBRE

(As submitted to the "Patriot")

Pretty little Fido,  
Sweet little pup,  
He can stand on his hind legs,  
If you hold his front legs up.

Friendship oft would longer last,  
And quarrels be prevented,  
If little words were let go past,  
Forgiven, not resented.

Signed—Bill Becker.

### Cross-section of John G's Heart

Carmel Hazzard (reciting L'Allegro in Senior English)—

"Hence, loathed Melancholy.

The brood of Folly without feather-bed."

Miss Roegge (to her physiology class)—"For instance, I could walk home from school, even if I did not have any brains, because I have done it so many times."

Glenn—"If I stole a kiss, would it be petit larceny?"

Lucile—"No, it would be grand."

Mr. Phillips (in Science)—"Do you know that insects are emotional at times?"

Tommy Humes—"You bet, I once saw a moth-ball."

### The Passing Show of 1917

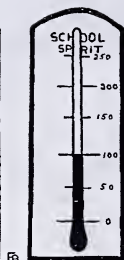
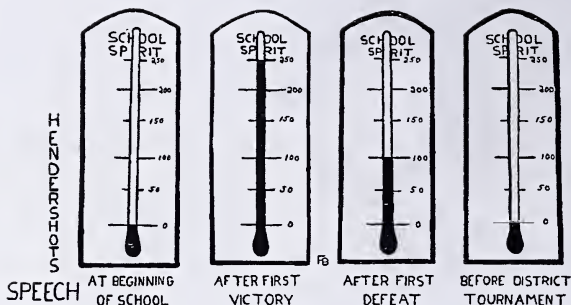
#### ACT II

#### SCENE III

March 17—We all get educated on the question of Military Service and incidentally wear Shamrocks.

March 25—The school is a seething mass of oratory. The triangular debating teams submit themselves for the approval of the school. Fac's Waterloo is st-st-st-statistics.

March 30—At last the Triangular Debate. Flossie sternly chaperones John and Fae. Little God o' Luck was agin us.

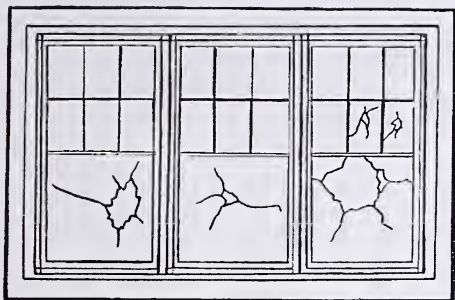


#### FOUND ON THE ASSEMBLY ROOM FLOOR

"Say Ruby, do you like Kennie McCurdy?"—"Oh, I used to, but, my dear, I certainly don't any more. He's really not on the market now, anyway, and besides, he has the most extravagantly good opinion of himself."—"Well, speaking of self-satisfaction, Bnd Bollinger wouldn't change places with Wilson."—"I should say so. But what I loathe about him is his idea that all the girls are just dead for him."—"We really have several cute boys in our class. Johnny, Ikie, and Shep."—"Oh yes, but at that none of them are blessed with good looks."—"Let me ring in on that Senior boy's theme. Lee Miller is the one that pains me with his lofty girls-don't-bother-me air."—"Well, Ed Schleter is absolutely ex parco. Veva, pass this to Helen, and see what she thinks of it."—"My sympathies are with you, but I do think Manse is terribly romantic looking. Hand this over to Genevieve and see if she doesn't agree."—"I entirely agree, but my pet abomination is Fae Patrick. He acts as if he has been disappointed in love. Es Grelle is clamoring for this. I'll hand it over. 'Spouse she'll insist Hal's the prize specimen. Careful. Here comes Miss."—"Taking up the anvil chorus, I do love to hear Kenneth Greeman talk. It's just darling I think. But he's too slow to catch a cold."

"Read this, Margaret, I found it on the floor. Some of the girls must have been putting the boys through a beauty shop."—Bill T.





FB

## AFTER A SUBMARINE RAID

Miss Laupus (in Civics)—“What is the canon law?”

Alice Dixon—“It gives you the right to make cannoos.”

Miss Quinn—“Give an English derivative from inferus-a-um, and use it in a sentence.”

Alice Kruge—“Infernal—In Civics we discussed infernal taxes.”

Miss Alwes—“Elmer, have you your outline?”

Elmer—“I have it in my head.”

Miss Alwes—“Well, I'll do the best I can to represent your head in my grade book.”

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### The Passing Show of 1917

#### ACT III

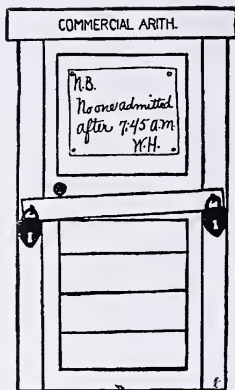
#### SCENE I

April 2—One of our most industrious students, Clyde Keller, receives the position of Mr. Phillips' secretary.

April 6—Evidence of “In the spring a young man's fancy,” growing stronger. Sophomores revel merrily.

April 10—We begin the seige of mastering the national air and generally display our patriotism. Mae Carr gives directions on how to build a ship, and Pearl Day masterfully explains how to train an army.

April 16—Operetta's “Very Good, Eddie.”



Mr. Hendershot—"Edward, what are you doing?"

Edward M.—"Thinking."

Mr. Hendershot—"Hm! What with?"

Innocent Looking Soph.—"It's all off now."

Junior—"What's all off now?"

Sophomore—"Mr. Ackerman's hair."

Miss Quinn—"Donald, I appoint you critic of the first sentence."

Donald M.—"I can't critic that."

Amy Bridges—"Horace Seelinger's hair reminds me of iron filings on a magnet."

Miriam Rinne (in Latin)—"Is 'love' a verb of mental action?"

Mary Billings—"No, it's heart action."

Katie Hodapp (reading composition in English)—"She jumped from the train and ecstatically kissed him on the platform."

Dewey Craig—"Well what a funny place to kiss him."

Mr. Phillips (after running a comb through Shep's hair to get an electrical charge)—"Well, what would you rub the comb with to get the same charge?"

Frederick Bretthauer—"Cat's fur."

---

### The Passing Show of 1917

#### ACT III

#### SCENE II

April 18—Virg. Snow finally got up enough energy to lift his gunboats over the bar at four feet six.

April 20—Mr. Hendershot wears a full dress shirt to class and thereby gathers enough courage to generally demolish Russell Harry.

April 23—Miss Davison's and Mr. Hendershot's clubs enjoys a superheated canine roast at the river. Mr. Phillips also reports a hot time at his house. Moreover two large window panes broken in assembly room—all in a riotous day!

April 28—Biggest part of Junior class leaves school. "Father" McPike is tired of getting "sonny" periodically re-instated in school.



### A NEW YEARS RESOLUTION

Miss Andrews (assigning English lesson)—“I had assigned “Everyman” for tomorrow, but for the present I shall let “Everyman go.”



### SPRING FEVER

Mr. Phillips—“Meedy, what is space?”  
Meedy (waking up)—“I don’t know how to say it, but I have it in my head.”

Mr. Murphy (at Senior picnic to Mrs. Murphy)—“You’d better let me carry that lunch basket, dearest. We might get separated in the crowd.”

Esther Grelle’s motto:—“Laugh if it kills you, and you’ll die with a grin on your face.”

Mr. Murphy (after telling a group of boys that he was their adviser)—I’m going to be your daddy now.”



George Weller—  
“Say, pop, give me a nickel.”

---

## The Passing Show of 1917

### ACT III

### SCENE III

May 10—Books crawl out on the floor. Hap looks as if he’d been caught tripping in a basket-ball game.

May 11—Windows break in. Not to let them get ahead of her Veva “breaks out.” Felix Cadou speaks of the virtue in a brick.

May 13—Mr. Arthur Murphy, Esq. takes unto himself a wife.

May 15—Everybody looks sweet and pretty, but alas! Ruth Miller broke the “birdie.”

May 16—Vaccination victims return from their week vacations. Iris awarded the gold medal for perseverance.

May 25—Seniors depart with bag and baggage from dear old S. H. S.

June 1—The Curtain falls

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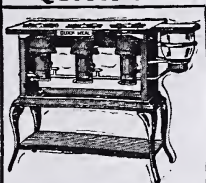
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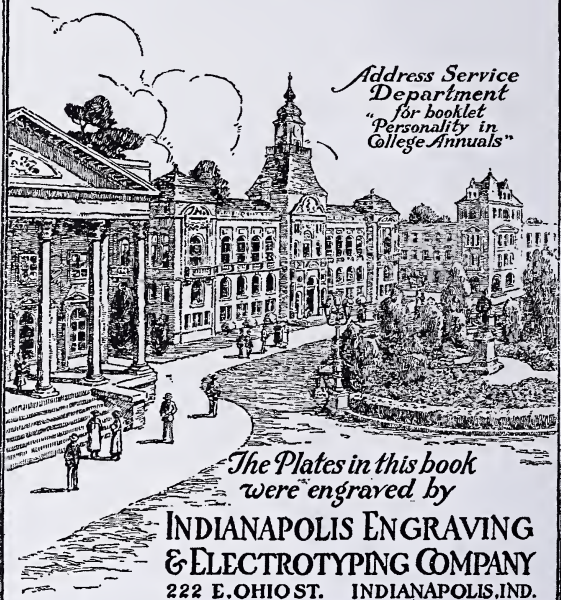
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